

THE GOBLIN WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!



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Cartoons and Comments

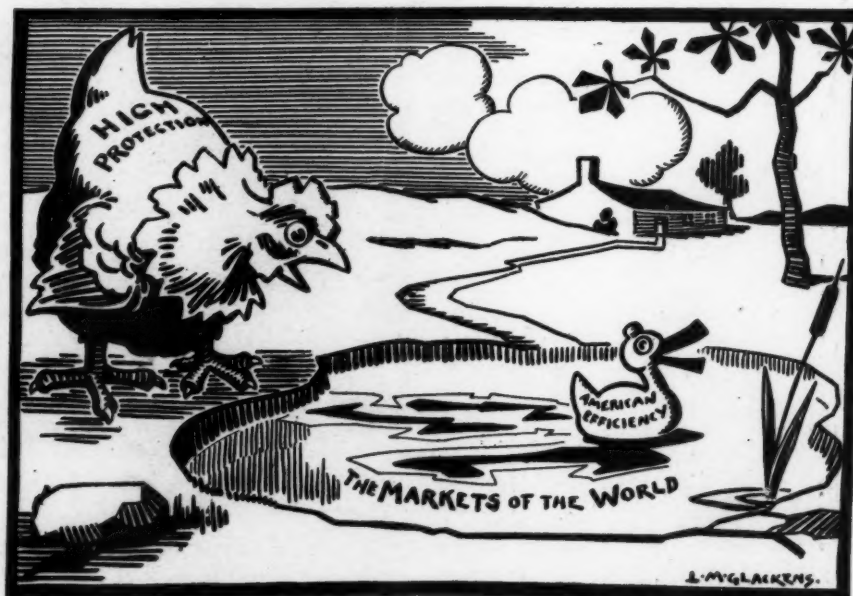
EFFICIENCY BEGINS IN WASHINGTON.

BY HIS remarks on the subject of maximum efficiency, Secretary REDFIELD "got the goats" of a number of newspapers and of a number of business men who write letters to newspapers. There has since been an interval of cooling off, and Mr. REDFIELD has declared that it is not the purpose of his Department to hold a club over any industry. One sentence in the Secretary's speech, however, we sincerely wish might sink into about ninety million minds. It is this one: "My business judgment would not approve, nor do I believe public opinion would permit, taxing people to sustain industries less efficient than the best the industry knew." Oh, if public opinion would only get busy and insist upon some such efficiency in public work! We have in mind especially the matter of the Congressional "pork-barrel." The people are taxed for that. It is a fair assumption that a goodly portion of the new income tax, when collected, will go for that. And how far efficiency is from being the measuring-rod of the pork-barrel everybody knows, but seemingly nobody cares. There is efficiency, admirable efficiency, in the mere expenditure of public funds, but in securing a dollar's worth of public good for every dollar of public money, where is poor old efficiency then? Alas, where? It is not in the power of Secretary REDFIELD to reform the pork-barrel. It is doubtful if even the President himself could do that, but so long as the general subject of efficiency, and of taxing the people to maintain inefficiency, has been brought into prominence, a wistful yearning that efficiency might some day apply to the pork-barrel is only natural. Charity

begins at home. The home of the Government is at Washington, and charity in the shape of pork-barrel appropriations has been the rule there for years and decades. Perhaps if Mr. REDFIELD could use his influence and prestige to have efficiency begin at home—the home of Government—it would help a little.

GRAVE fears are expressed that a lowering of the tariff will necessitate a reduction of wages in protected industries. In campaign after campaign, high protectionists have claimed that first among the beneficiaries of the protective system was American labor; that without high protection "the American standard of living" for labor would be impossible of attainment. Credulous citizens, with an hereditary leaning toward the old stand-pat gospel of the Republican machine, grasped this statement and clung to it as a trusting little child grasps and clings to a parent's hand. We dislike to disturb such perfect faith, but at a time like this, when many worthy though humble Repub-

licans are worrying lest "the American standard of living" henceforth be denied to labor, it is perhaps well to acquaint such citizens with facts about this selfsame standard of living. Lawrence, Mass., for instance, is the centre of a very highly protected industry; here surely would be found in all its glory the full flower of the American s. of l. We quote, however, from a report of the Federal Labor Bureau: "The agents estimated that the average wage given 21,000 employees during one week last year, selected at random, was \$8.76, which was declared to be entirely insufficient for the support of a family. Child labor was a natural outgrowth of such a condition, where the head of a family was forced to add to his income by securing work for his children." Eight dollars and seventy-six cents a week; the American standard of living! It is to maintain this that a high protective tariff is necessary. It is the loss of this that is feared should tariff rates be reduced. Surely with reason may it be asked: When the tariff is so high, why is labor's standard of living so pitifully low? And properly may the consumer inquire: "Do protectionists need a top-notch tariff at my expense in order to pay their men as little as \$8.76 a week?"



DUCKS WILL SWIM IF GIVEN A CHANCE.

ENGLAND, apparently, is in line for indefinite disturbance at the hands of the Suffragettes. England also is unfortunate in its choice of a Home Secretary. After observation, reading, and reflection, we are convinced that the Hon. REGINALD MCKENNA is about the only man in the civilized world unable to rid England of the militant nuisance. Every one else knows just how to go about it. If you don't believe it, ask somebody, anybody.

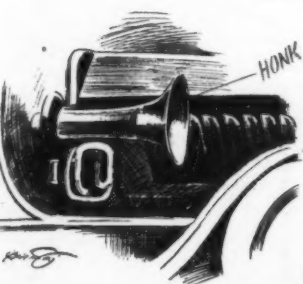


WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME — FOR INCURABLES.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

"See here, Dixon, I have called you in to have a little talk with you," said his employer gravely.

"I have been watching you a little of late, and I'll tell you frankly that I don't like your looks. You give me the distinct impression of a man who is falling into habits of dissipation. Look at you now, with your heavy eyes, your general air of listlessness, and your generally run-down appearance. I tell you frankly, Dixon, that I can't and won't have any dissipated man in my employ. Now, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?"



A SHOO HORN.

ten at night until five in the morning, to say nothing of two other children with the whooping-cough and doing most of their whooping in the dead of night, and the twins having to be nourished at midnight with food heated over an alcohol lamp that you have to monkey with for fifteen minutes? Ever been in that position, sir? If you have, you know as well as I do that it does n't take a rum-joint or a course of cabaret dinners to make a man look dissipated and feel as if he had a grouch against all mankind, sir!"

"Enough said, Dixon. You take a couple of days off. Been there myself off and on."

M. W.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

FARMER CORNCUTTER.—Ole Tom Perkins says he'd sooner send his son ter hell than ter college.

FARMER HAYRICK.—He's a dum fool, that's wot *he* is! Ye kin git a son *out* uv college, b'gosh!



IT WAS HIS WIFE'S IDEA.

The making of smart or pungent remarks is a luxury that only an independent income can afford.

THE PRINTING-PRESS IN THE FAMILY.

"KEEP THE BOYS HAPPY AT HOME."—Moral Paper.

JIMMY TOOTER was a nice boy. Everybody said so, even his teacher. He went to a small and select school, where they charged his father \$250 a year for his tuition and \$25 extra for fuel and stationery. It was a really select school. The principal had been drumming all over the city for two years; but the school did n't seem to get any more promiscuous. \$250 a year and \$25 extra for fuel and stationery is apt to discourage promiscuity. The principal used to say that it took about all his protoplasmic energy to keep his hold on the business that he had. Maybe that was why he was lenient to the petty faults of youth. Most men would be lenient for \$250 a youth and \$25 extra for fuel and stationery.

But although Jimmy Tooter was a nice boy, there came a time when the radius of his mother's apron-strings was not boundless enough for him. It is apt to come, that time is. He began to take an interest in the sinful pleasures of the giddy world. His mother used to weep scalding tears over it in secret.

Jimmy also wept scalding tears over it on several occasions, and he did not put on any particular secrecy about it either. He wept just wherever he and his father and a shingle happened to congregate.

It became obvious to the Tooter family that Jimmy's wild and dissolute ways would ultimately lead him to moral perdition if they were not checked in time. He used to associate with low, dissipated, and freckled boys. He spent his substance in riotous licorice-root and slippery-ellum. He looked upon the butter-scootch when it was brown, and played marbles for keeps, and accumulated an ill-gotten hoard of migs as well as several blood-alleys. He was the "sassy" champion of his school, and he once bit another boy's ear, and on various occasions smoked cinnamon cigars.



BASEBALL TERM:

PUTTING SOMETHING ON IT.

He was a nice boy, but he was getting fast, undoubtedly.

Mr. Tooter remarked at last that his object in marrying and establishing a tranquil home was not to spend his evenings in shingling a phenomenally tough boy, and that if his son was not skinned and thereby made susceptible to external impressions there would have to be another husband and father provided in the Tooter family.

"Try kindness," suggested Mrs. Tooter.

"Kindness your maternal aunt!" scornfully returned Mr. Tooter; "do you want me to strike him with a feather?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Tooter; "it might tickle him and send him off into hysterics. Let us indulge him. Let us try to win him to spend his time within the sacred circle of home by making domestic life pleasant to him."

"That's what you said," growled Mr. Tooter, "twenty years ago, when you used to get a pint-and-a-half of sweet cider and ask me to bring my bachelor friends in at night and carouse with 'em in the dining-room. D' y' want me to set up ginger-ale for your son and his gang, and let 'em smoke candy cigars all over the house?" Mrs. Tooter shuddered.

"No, dear," she replied, hastily. "I don't wish to encourage vice in any form; but I thought we might find some intellectual and elevating amusement which would keep him at home."

"But he ain't intellectual, and he don't want to be elevated!" roared her husband. "Do you think you're going to get him to work in worsteds or sew red-cloth devils on Canton flannel?"

"Not at all," Mrs. Tooter answered. "But he asked me to-day if he could n't have a printing-press."



INTERVIEWING A FUTURIST.

REPORTER.—What do you think of Michelangelo?

"I can't look at him!"

"Shakspeare?"

"Impossible!"

"Beethoven?"

"Absurd!"

"What do you call high art?"

WIFE (interceding).—Now, please! Maurice absolutely refuses to talk about himself!

"A printing-press!" interrupted Mr. Tooter, in astonishment. "Does he want to set up a printing-press in my house? Maybe he'd like a steam-engine to run it. Is he going to set it up in the parlor, or will he have the front basement?"

"You don't understand, dear," Mrs. Tooter explained, "it's only a toy printing-press that he wants—a little bit of a thing, like a sewing-machine or a boot-blackening box. I'm sure it won't take up any room, and they're awfully cheap, he says."

Mr. Tooter was rather pleased with the idea. It struck him that he might have his business-cards printed on Jimmy's press; and his wife suggested that if he ever failed, and they had to have an auction in the house, it would be so convenient to print the catalogue of the furniture.

Mr. Tooter said that he was n't looking at it from that point of view, but that there was something in the idea. The next day he told Jimmy that he might buy his press and have the bill sent to the office.

Mr. Tooter got the bill the next day. When the bill arrived it was all there. There were no lingering returns to come in. It was \$75.37. Mr. Tooter paid it, and talked some unrevised version to the collector. He said he was glad to see, however, that the bill included an office, though he would give up that item. His object was to have the press at home. The collector explained to him that an office was only the technical name for the layout of type that went with each press. Then Mr. Tooter talked so luridly that the collector asked him to come out from behind that railing and continue the conversa-



THE HONEYMOONERS.

ONE KNIFE AND FORK FOR TWO.



RUBBING IT IN.

AMIALE OLD GENT.—Picnic?
THE BEAST OF BURDEN.—If you think so, change places with me!

tion on the street, and Mr. Tooter had to explain to him that it was against his rules to leave the office during business hours.

The printing-press came home that night. It was a good press, a nice quiet-looking press, and when Mr. Tooter had finished shingling Jimmy and had informed his wife that that was the last seventy-five dollars she would ever get out of him for her dee-dash-dee nonsense, he went into the parlor and looked at the machine, and acknowledged to his own soul that it was a big investment.

Jimmy got up at half-past five the next morning and began to handle the investment. He read the printed directions and found out that he had to set up the press and then fill the ink-fountain. He thought that he would fill the ink-fountain first, as it seemed to him that there was most fun to be extracted from that operation. He hunted all over the press for the fountain but did not find one. He concluded that the fountain must have been forgotten; but it occurred to him that a syringe would do just as well. He hunted up his mother's garden syringe and filled it full of the ink. The ink was pretty thick; but he got it all in, excepting some that stayed on his clothes. Then he undertook to squirt the ink on the ink-table. The principle was all right, probably; for fountains that are any sort of

fountains always squirt; but he did not get his line of elevation just where it ought to have been. Most of the ink went over the parlor carpet, but about a quart got on the curtains.

Then he thought he would set up the press. The principal parts fitted into sockets, but there was one part that had to be screwed up, and Jimmy screwed up his left thumb in that part.

When this took place he wept and wailed aloud like a zephyr moaning through a dry aqueduct. The melody aroused his father,

who came downstairs. It was just as well that Jimmy had begun to weep, for one weep did for the squeeze and subsequent incidents.

When his father had quite finished, Jimmy's mother came down. At first she had some idea of wielding the corrective shingle on her own account, but when she saw the injured thumb she softened, and sent for the family doctor, who came and poulticed Jimmy on the hand and elsewhere on his anatomy.

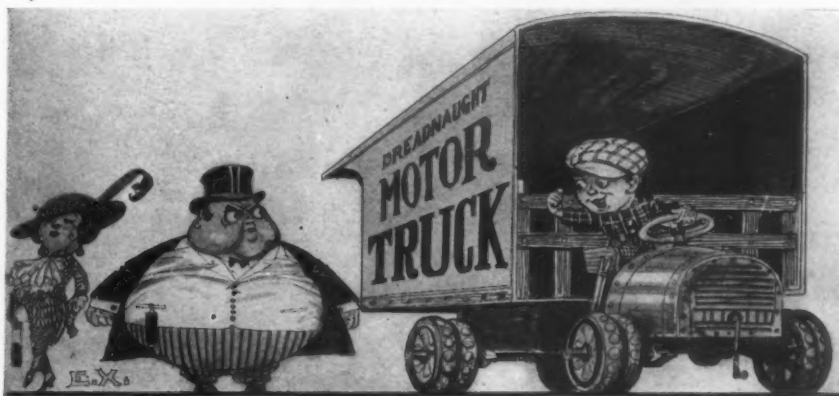
Mr. Tooter went down to business rather late that morning, but before he departed he told Jimmy to take the press down to the basement and set it up there, and he drew up the literature of a business card which he wanted to have printed.

Jimmy did not print that card. It happened to be Saturday, so he went out and got an older boy, experienced in the handling of amateur printing-presses, and he and that boy set up the press and began to print. First they printed Jimmy's own card. That revealed to them the mighty power of the press, and they thought they would do a little something in the line of aggressive journalism. They decided that it would be a good time to wreak a fearful vengeance upon Mrs. Huffnagel, next door. Owing to injudicious tampering with Mrs. Huffnagel's favorite cat, both the young gentlemen owed her for shinglings.

Jimmy had received two and the other boy one. They clubbed their wrongs together and composed a scorching editorial, and before twelve o'clock they had circulated in the immediate neighborhood over two hundred copies of a composition which denounced Mrs. Huffnagel as a lop-sided old cat, and asserted that she wore false teeth.

When Mr. Tooter came home to dinner he found Mr. and Mrs. Huffnagel waiting for him. They told him that they were

(Continued on Page 11.)



"TAXI, MISTER?"

There is no disputing the fact that many people derive more or less enjoyment from their grievances.

IT IS IN SUCCESSFUL OPERATION ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.



THE INITIATIVE.



THE REFERENDUM.



THE RECALL.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

I'm sick of being single
And living all alone,
I wish I had an ingie—
A hearthstone quite my own;
I tire of other fellows
(A gang of dreary dubs),
Whose silly laughter bellows;
I'm sick of smoky clubs.

I'm weary of flirtations
As light and frail as foam,
I'm tired of dissipations—
I want a cozy home.
The bachelor is only
An amateur at life,
And oh, his days are lonely!
I want—I want a wife.

I'm sick of drink and dining,
Of cards and things like that;
In fact, I'm simply pining
To furnish up a flat.
I used to laugh at Cupid,
But now I've come to know
That singleness is stupid
And—*You* have taught me so!

Berton Braley.

A CLEAR CASE.

CLARENCE.—As I undahstand it, me boy, old Gotrox first told you that you could *have* his daughter, and then went back on his word?

WILLY.—That's just 'bout th' size of it, bah Jove!

CLARENCE.—Then, dence take it, old chap! I should just sue him for non-support, that's all!

ACCORDING to the cook-lady's vocabulary, a suburb by any other name is just as far out.



A LARGE HEART.

MRS. BROWN.—My husband lost a great deal of money on that decline in stocks.

MRS. JONES.—I'm so sorry! Whenever I hear of those declines in stocks I think would n't it have been a good thing if everybody had sold out before the market began to go down!



STUNG!

THE PUP.—Gee! This is no way to play tag! I have to do all the chasing!

OUT OF PLACE.

MRS. BEACON HILL (*lately moved from Boston to New York*).—Oh, Wolcott, we *must* move back to Boston! New York is no place to raise Emerson. I tried to enter him in the public schools to-day and the teacher insulted him in a most horrible manner.

MR. BEACON HILL (*angrily*).—Insulted him! How?

MRS. BEACON HILL (*weeping*).—She asked him if he wanted to go in the kindergarten class!



HE OPENED HER UP.

COWPUNCHER.—What did yer do to it, Boss, that made it turn on yer?
RANCHMAN (*new to motoring*).—Aw, I pulled the wrong trigger!



IN MEMORIAM.

ETHEL.—Muriel, why do you wear a lock of your husband's hair? He has n't departed this life?

MURIEL.—No, *he* has n't, but *his hair* has!

POTENT ATTRACTIONS.

TOM.—Women don't love men for what they really *are*, but for what they have *done*!

KITTY.—And men love women for what their fathers have done.

MOST luxuries become actual necessities the very instant we can afford to have them.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE FEMININE OF JEKYLL AND HYDE.



PUCK



THE FIRST COMMENCEMENT.

CAIN, THE FIRST-BORN, GRADUATES FROM EDEN ACADEMY.

BECAUSE.



SIT upon the mountain,
And breathe the summer air;
I sit upon the mountain
Because I have no chair.

A sweet girl sits beside me,
The reason is implied;
A sweet girl sits beside me
Because I'm by her side.

I ask her if she loves me,
The best of all her beaux;
I ask her if she loves me
Because I know she knows.

She says she will not tell me,
And, as I start to go,
She says she will not tell me
Because she knows I know.

Pray leave us, gentle reader,
Don't hesitate or pause;
But leave us, gentle reader,
Because—well, just because

Morgan MacKnight.

WILLING TO TESTIFY.

VISITOR.—I called to say that I'm willing to give a testimonial that your medicine has cured me—

PATENT-MEDICINE MAN.—Er—er—what is that again?

VISITOR.—Has cured me of my faith in patent medicines.

PRAISEWORTHY ACTIONS.

BRIDGET KELLY (*cooly*).—So yiz wint t' confission yisterdy, did yez? An' yez confissed all th' kisses ye've shtole from me th' month thot's jist gone, I hope?

OFFICER KEEGAN.—Oi did. An' Father Malone sid he did n't rayly blame me.

BRIDGET KELLY.—He sid he did n't blame yez?

OFFICER KEEGAN.—He did. He sid thot wuz n't a sin ut all, ut all—thot wuz a charity!



IN THE WILD WEST.

NEW YORKER.—Hi! Come back here! I never killed a man in my life!

NATIVE.—I ain't takin' no chances, mister! That town you come from hes got a bad reptation!

Your egotist does n't know himself, although he thinks a great deal of himself.

DAMFINO.

II SEEK some knowledge of a mystic word
Which strikes my hearing every living day—
In mart, at bar and forum it is heard:
Is it the name of flesh, or fish, or bird?
Whence came it here, or by what devious way?
Damfino!



A word compounded it may haply be;
Conglomerate of other words, I deem;
I search the books, whatever I may see;
And thread the maze of Etymology
For what may be its substance, source, or theme:
Damfino!

In Notes and Queries, nor in lore antique;
In Halliwell, nor Wright, nor solvent Bailey,
Is any hint or sign of that I seek;
And yet I ask the simplest question daily,
And get for answer, debonairly, gaily:
Damfino!

I grudge that it should bring so sudden end
To any further speech or questioning—
I would pursue a subject with a friend;
Why should he turn away and curtly send
An answer Parthian-wise with flouting fling?
Damfino!

Now, who shall aid me in this time of need?
Porte-crayon spears have made much darkness clear;
But Earth, engirt at forty-minute speed,
Is proof, so clear that he who runs may read,
That minutes cost—shall I an answer hear?
Damfino! W. A. G.

A SURE LOSS.

MRS. JOHNSON.—Jes' hide youah money in a Bible, Mis' Jackson. Nobody evah looks in a Bible, you know.

MRS. JACKSON (with a gasp).—Oh, lawd! I 'd lose it shuah! Mah ole man 's ve'y religious, an' reads de Bible twice a day.

SHOCKED.

THE CLERGYMAN.—I had no idea profanity was so prevalent till I began to drive a car.

HIS WIFE.—Do you hear much of it on the road?

THE CLERGYMAN.—Why, nearly everyone I bump into swears frightfully!



PERFECTLY RATIONAL.

VISITOR (to insane asylum).—What 's that poor man's delusion?

ATTENDANT.—He thinks he's the Sultan of Turkey.

VISITOR.—But what is he so happy about?

ATTENDANT.—Why, because he's here!



5c

—gets you acquainted with the toppy red bag.



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Winston-
Salem, N. C.,
1912.



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Albert—tobacco that just puts a jimmy pipe in a man's mouth—and keeps it there, sunrise to sunset!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Doesn't take eight Sundays to get acquainted with P. A., either, in a jimmy pipe. No, sir, it's pretty much like putting on a pair of friendly old shoes of a morning—sort of makes you feel the sun will shine and the birds will sing and the going will be right good!

P. A. can't sting! The bite's cut out by a patented process that has revolutionized pipe tobacco and set the whole man-smoking world jimmy pipe joyous! Get that P. A. flavor and fragrance and freshness into your system. It's good for what ails you!

It's weather-proof inside and out and sets you back only a nickel. It's a dandy package—all bright and spanking clean and dust-proof—just as it left our factory. Nifty jackets keep it free from soil.

Also in the tidy red tin, 10c—and handsome pound and half-pound humidor. Buy Prince Albert everywhere.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 5.)

going to institute a \$10,000 suit for libel; but they finally compromised on fifty dollars cash, a demijohn of whisky, six pounds of tea, and the best bedroom set of furniture.

Jimmy and his father did not compromise. They settled their little account on the same basis, and Jimmy says he does not see how there was anything left of the basis.

The press was returned to the dealer the next day. Mr. Tooter stands toward the principle of paternal indulgence as follows:

1 press and job office.....	\$ 75 37
1 parlor carpet, 60 yds @ \$1 50.....	90 00
1 set lace curtains.....	50 00
1 demijohn Old Crow.....	2 50
6 lbs. English Breakfast tea, @ 70 cents.....	4 20
1 set bedroom furniture.....	125 00
Cash.....	50 00
	\$397 07

Per contra—1 job card-printing, no value. (Business closed.)

A PROBABLE PROMOTION.

ROSENBAUM (proudly).—My son Solly vent to vork rebording on a newsbaber yesterday, undt last night hees city editor sendt him outd on an assignment.
COHENSTEIN (approvingly).—Dot vos doing splendit! Maype to-night he geds sendt outd on a fire.

NOT TRUE TO NATURE.

TEACHER.—I find that your boy spends a great deal of time reading dime novels. They are calculated to give him entirely false ideas.

FATHER.—Yes, I must have it stopped. I was looking over one of his detective stories, and it represents the detectives as continually finding out things.

Try One of Our Dry Varieties

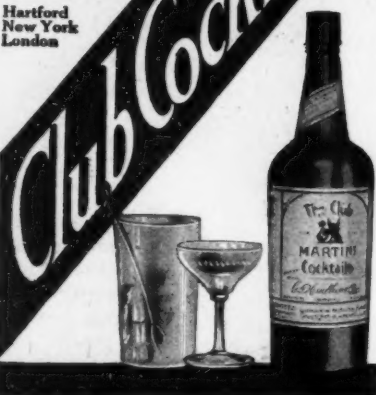
Martini—Regular
Martini—Dry (medium)
Martini—Brut (very dry)
Manhattan—Regular
Manhattan—Dry

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OUT TO-DAY!

THIRTY FIVE

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BOOKS FOR OUT-
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PLAY.

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A DEN.

What is a den?
A den is when
The broken chairs,
The rugs with tears,
The pictures cracked,
The table hacked,
A tickless clock,
Desk that won't lock
Are gathered in a heap by ma
And put into a room for pa.
—Houston Post.

A NON-RESIDENT.

An English tourist was sightseeing in Ireland and the guide had pointed out the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Peak, and the Devil's Leap to him. "Pat," he said (all English tourists call Irish peasants "Pat," just as they call little boys "Tommy"), "the devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district!"

"Yes, sir," replied the guide, "but, sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England!"—Manchester Guardian.

ETHEL.—Have you given Jack a final answer yet?

EDITH.—Not yet. But I've given him my final "No."—Boston Transcript.

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ONLY DARED IT.

"Father," said the little boy, "had Solomon seven hundred wives?"

"I believe so, my son," said the father.

"Well, father, was he the wise man who said 'Give me liberty or give me death'?"—Town Topics.

INGENIOUS.

"What makes you carry that horrible shriek machine for an automobile signal?"

"For humane reasons," replied Mr. Chuggins. "If I can paralyze a person with fear, he will keep still and I can run to one side of him."—Wash. Star.

A TIP.

If a girl worked half as hard to please a man after marriage as she does before marriage, lots of lawyers would starve to death.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

AN IDEAL PRODUCT OF THE STILL

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

FULL OF EXCUSES.



INFURIATED WELSH BOSS (sacking workman). — An' if you wass to be tam well hung to-morrow, py Tavid, you would prove an alibi!—Sydney Bulletin.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Imperial
Gold Label
Beer

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Beadleston & Woerz,
NEW YORK

ROOM FOR TWO.

It was rush hour on Brooklyn Bridge. The Flushing Avenue car was crowded to its utmost capacity. About midway, a very stout man was seated. By his side was a small boy who was struggling to save himself from suffocation.

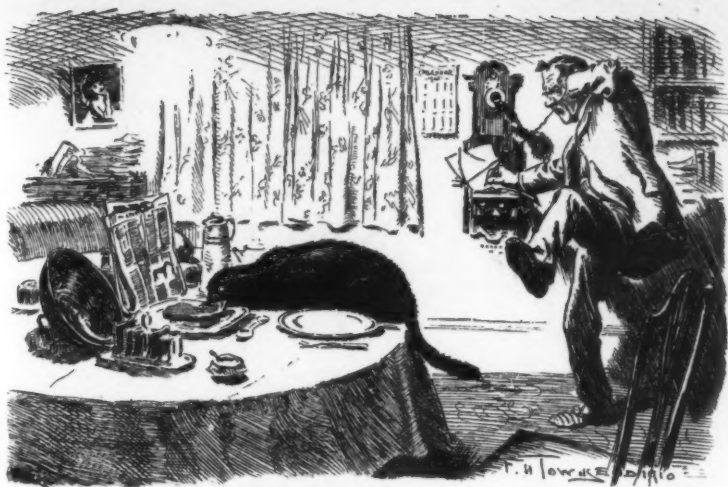
Just in front of this pair were two women, one an elderly person and the other a girl of nineteen or twenty.

Said the fat man to the boy: "Say, you haven't you got no manners? Why don't you get up and let the old lady sit down?"

"Aw, what's the matter with you," replied the boy. "Why don't you get up and let both of 'em sit down?"—Exchange.

MR. SAPLEIGH.—I find it dooced hard to collect my thoughts, you know.

MISS KEEN.—Father says it's always difficult to collect small amounts.—Boston Transcript.



THE OPPORTUNIST.

—Punch.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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Ask any good doctor what he thinks of the judicious use of pure, old whiskey, and he will tell you that it is the best sort of a tonic and invigorator. But you must choose the right kind with care—a poor whiskey will do more harm than a good whiskey can do good. When you buy

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"The Inspector Is Back of Every Bottle"

AN EXPENSIVE ACT.

At the Park Theatre a comedy juggling team, Bedford and Winchester, uses no end of fruit, vegetables, and other necessities of a comical finale, in which one of the performers catches the objects, one after another, on a fork which he holds in his teeth.

"They tell me that act gets \$300 a week," said one of the wise ones in the orchestra circle.

"They'd have to get a heap of money," replied his companion; "just think how expensive vegetables are, to say nothing about the other necessities."

"But there is one good thing about an act like that," said the first speaker, "if they ever strike hard luck they can eat the props."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

A DARK HINT.

Somebody was talking to a newly-married couple who were spending their honeymoon at Scarborough. "You mustn't leave Scarborough till you've seen the cemetery," he said; "it's well worth a visit!"

They said they would go, but they forgot about it until too late. Then the young wife reproached her husband. "George," she said, "you haven't taken me to the cemetery yet."

"Well, dear," was the reply, "that is a pleasure I must defer until some time in the future!"—*Pearson's*.

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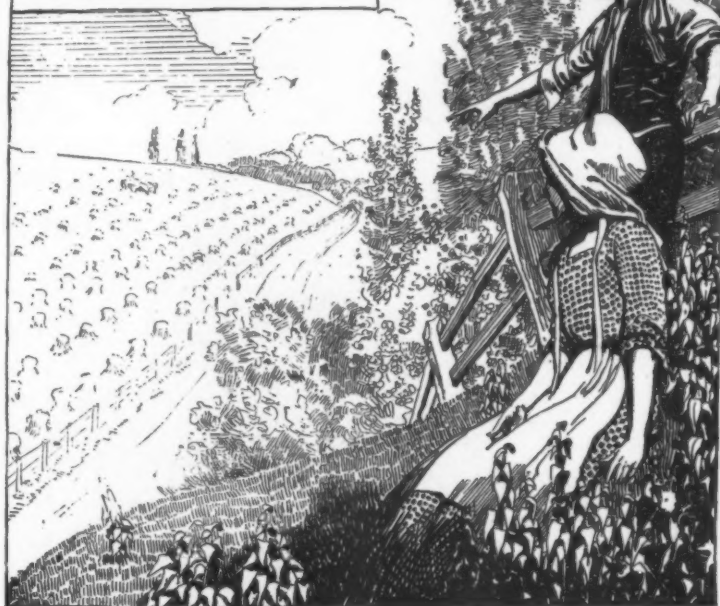
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SIR LEOPOLD MCCLINTOCK, the Arctic explorer, was once giving an account of his experiences amid the ice-fields of the North.

"We certainly would have traveled much farther," he exclaimed, "had not our dogs given out at a critical time."

"But," exclaimed the lady, who had been listening very intently, "I thought the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures?"

Sir Leopold's face wore a whimsically gloomy expression as he replied: "I—er—speak in a culinary sense, miss."—*Argonaut*.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."

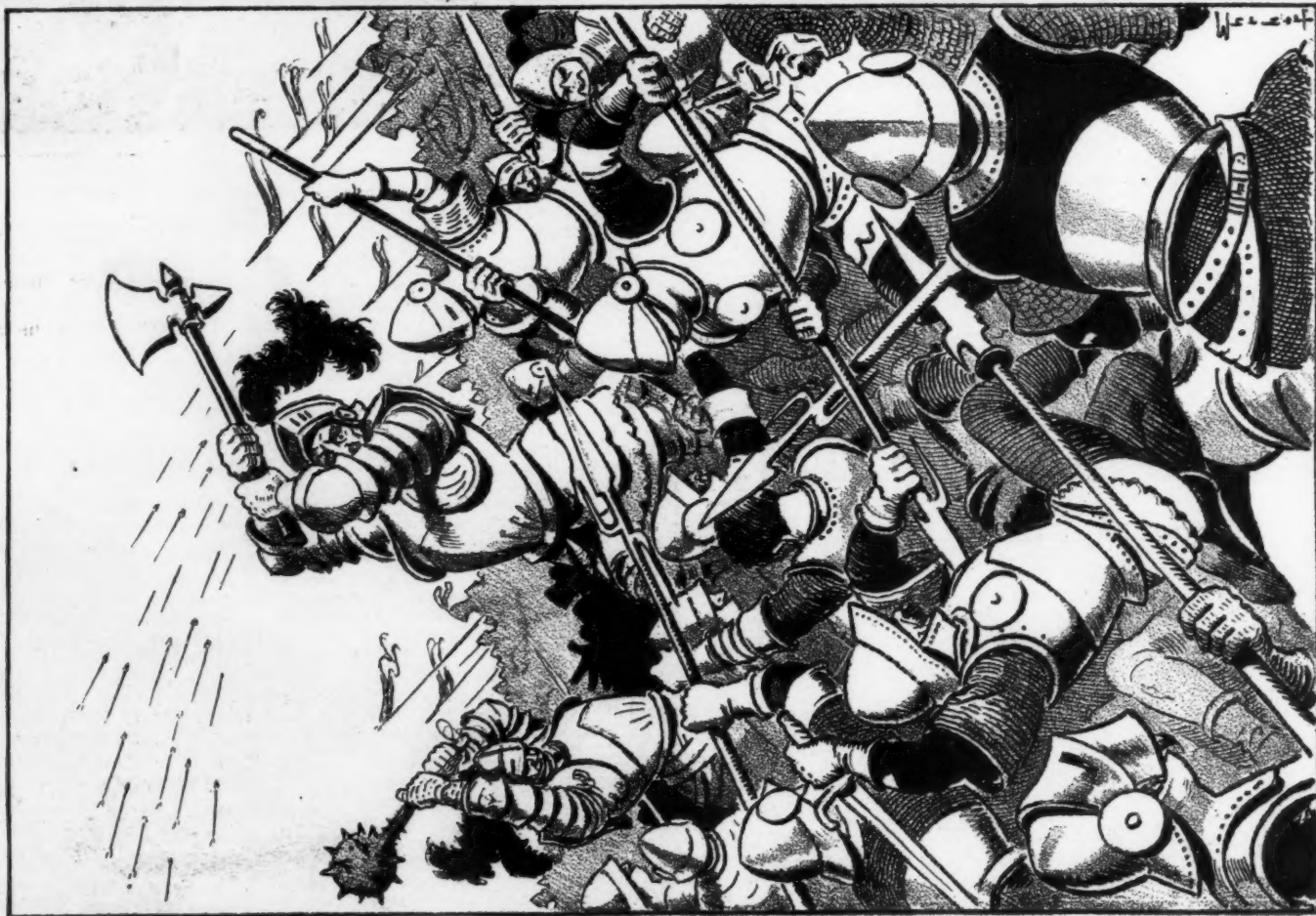


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THE FIELD OF BATTLE, OLD AND NEW STYLE.



A BATTLE, HAND TO HAND.

An obscure German teacher has jumped into fame by writing a book called *The Human Slaughter House*. Its main purpose is to show that there is no such thing in modern warfare as a soldier's glorious death on the field of honor. "We can no longer go on pretending that war is what it used to be. . . ."



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War to-day is nothing but senseless automatic slaughter by machinery. . . . We are being hustled from life to death by experts — by mechanicians. . . . And just as they turn out buttons and pins by wholesale methods of production, so they are now turning out the crippled and dead by machinery."

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AWAY FROM THE DANGER.

With hopeful hint the farmer's boy
Leaned on his hoe and said:
"The fish is bitin' fiercest kind,
Down by the millpond's head."

"Don't be afeerd," the farmer said,
Dropping a seed or two;
"Jes' keep on kiverin' 'taters, son,
An' the fish they won't bite you!"
—The Sun.

DISAPPOINTING.

PASTOR.—I hea' we got a diamond
pin in de collection-plate, this mornin',
sah.

TREASURER.—You are mistaken,
sah. It was a dime an' pin. — Yale
Record.

EXPLAINED.

"Is that your ladder?"

"Sure!"

"It does n't look like yours."

"Well, you see, it's my stepladder."
—Purple Cow.

DOCTOR.—You must n't give up
hope. Some years ago I had exactly
the same illness.

PATIENT (gloomingly).—Ah, but not
the same doctor. — Boston Transcript.

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anticipates the wants of his
patrons and orders NOW
the season's supply of

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It insures the enjoyment of every-
body by adding vigor and benefits
to an outing, to say nothing of the
pleasure it gives as a beverage.

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"Is BLIGGINS a man of his word?"

"Only when he gets to singing 'I
won't go home till morning!' you
know." — Washington Star.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.



As Good
as its Bond

UNNECESSARY.

"You ought to brace
up and show your wife
who is running things
at your house."

"It isn't necessary.
She knows." — Houston
Post.

NEWEDD.—Did you
spend so much money as
this before I married
you?

MRS. NEWEDD.—Why,
yes.

NEWEDD.—Then I
can't understand why
your father went on so
when I took you away
from him. — Exchange.

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